

## Mary Mair and William Lindsay

### Mary Mair

Mary Mair Lindsay, the daughter of Mary Murdoch and Allan Mair, was born at Carbellow near Lugar in Auchinleck Parish, Ayrshire, Scotland on August 1, 1852. Her father was a farmhand, or shepherd, and was mostly employed herding sheep on the bonny heather hills. Her mother was an industrious woman, having worked out for people in her youth to help her mother sustain the family after her father lost his life trying to save the life of another.

Mary was the only girl in the family; she had five brothers, three older than herself and two younger. The two oldest, John and James, came to America when they became of age, and went to Maryland, one working as a carpenter and the other as a coal miner. One girl and two boys died as children.

Allan Mair and Mary Murdoch were married in June 1841, and they seemed to get along nicely until about 1850 when the Mormon elders came to that part of Scotland preaching an entirely different doctrine than what was taught by the ministers of the churches. Allan Mair, Mary's father, like many others could not see any need of a new religion. The church and religion of his fathers was good enough for him. Her mother, on the other hand, became very interested in the new religion, and she was baptized on June 4, 1851, by a missionary, William Aird. Wee Grannie and William Murdoch's wife and Veronica Murdoch Caldwell also became baptized.

She tried to convert her husband, but he refused to hear the gospel or have anything to do with it. And now in a home where there had been peace and harmony, there was friction. So there came a time when Mary's mother decided to leave her husband and home, and if possible to bring her three youngest children to Utah, where they would enjoy the blessings of the gospel. This was in the year 1866. To do this, it was necessary to get Mary's cooperation, which she did. Mary was then thirteen years of age, Andrew was ten, and Alex seven. An older brother, Foulds, was soon to be married, and his mother felt that he would look after his father.

It took some time making the arrangements and getting everything ready for leaving without her father suspecting that something was going on. Mary's mother would fix bundle after bundle of clothing of all kinds, and Mary would carry these to the station and mail them to a friend who would keep them until the time they would start for Utah. This friend, John Aird, had to keep them posted as to when to leave home just in time to get on the ship taking Mormon emigrants, as

delays would have been dangerous. John Aird had secured them passage on the St. Mark, a sailing vessel.

Everything worked out just right, and the mother and children left home with the understanding that they were only going on a short visit. Andrew asked his father to care for his rabbits until he got back. Of course, when Allan, the father, found out that his wife and three children were actually gone on a ship, the St. Mark, bound for New York, he sent a telegram to his sons in Maryland asking them to at least prevent the children from going to Utah. His sons came to New York, but were just a little too late. So of course, the mother and children went on.

This was the last time Mary was to see her father and brother, Foulds. Some thirty-one years later on May 2, 1897, her father, Allan Mair, died, and in November of that year Foulds answered a letter he had received from Mary Murdoch Mair, his mother. In part the letter from Foulds says: "Dear Mother, You want to know the kind of feeling we had when you went away; for my father, I think he always thought you would come back again, for he would never allow the door to be barred at night and he always wondered how the children would be getting along. And for myself, I felt very lonely for a long time. And Dear Mother, I have searched the scriptures a good deal, and I don't see it makes any difference which country you may be living in, for the service of our Lord and Savior.... You say we are to leave and follow our Lord, and are right too, but is Scotland not as near to heaven as America.... If I was near you we would have a sweet talk over it. But if we don't meet in this world, Dear Mother, I hope we'll meet in the one to come...."

What wonderful faith and courage Mary's mother manifested to leave her husband and home under such circumstances, and to undertake such a journey, knowing too that her dear old mother had perished on the way crossing the plains, and that her brother John and wife saw their two children die on the way to Utah, some years before. But knowing all this, she still had faith and courage enough to undertake the long and wearisome journey across the ocean and across the dreary plains.

They felt the hand of the Lord helped them across the mighty deep. It took them ten days to go from New York to Florence, Nebraska on the Missouri River. It was a hard journey for emigrants, as there were many changes to make from steamboats to railroads and back again several times. There was no direct line from the East to the West at that time. But Mormon emigrants always had some person in charge whose business it was to look after all the rest and see that they and their baggage were properly cared for.

They were assigned to cross the plains in Captain Andrew Scott's ox train. This of course, was another new and strange experience for them, and one that was very trying for everyone. The teamsters with their oxen and wagons



had come all the way from Utah for the purpose of hauling the sick and infirmed and the baggage and food supplies necessary to sustain them on their long and tedious journey. The teamsters were usually rather rough-looking young men, many of them less than eighteen years old, dressed mostly in homespun or buckskin, armed with heavy long whips, and calling loudly "whoa," "ha," and "gee." This was the means they used to guide the oxen. Of course all this shouting at the oxen, who were slow and stupid, and the cracking of the long whips was new to the emigrants. The sleeping in tents, cooking over fires in skillets and frying pans in the smoke, traveling in wind, and dust and rain was rather trying. Flour and bacon were practically all that was provided in the way of food, and many did not know how to make bread or fry their bacon over a campfire. Everyone had to walk that possibly could, and they were warned to keep near the wagons even if it was dusty and uncomfortable. Of course, prayers were attended to night and morning in the corral formed by the wagons for protection from Indians and also where the oxen could be easily yoked up. Thus they traveled from day to day for two months.

As they came into the mountains, Mary was taken ill with mountain fever, which was similar to typhoid. This, of course, was the cause of great anxiety to her mother, but through the blessings of the Lord in answer to prayer, and through her mother's kind care, she was spared. They arrived safely at Uncle John Murdoch's in Heber about the eighth of October, 1866. Thirty persons had died on this dreary journey. Thousands have laid their wearied bodies down by the wayside, trying to reach the gathering place of the Saints. Mary's mother and her family all reached the valley and found good, kind friends in her brother John Murdoch and family, who took them into their home and supplied their wants until they were able to provide for themselves.

Mary, though still weak and pale from her illness, soon recovered and was baptized November 25, 1866 by Thomas Todd. She could not be baptized while in Scotland, as her father would not consent to it. Her mother was married to Thomas Todd as a plural wife, and he began to provide for the needs of the family. But Mary began to work out for other families and in that way earned her own living.

Soon after her arrival in Heber, she became acquainted with a young man named William Lindsay, and an attachment sprang up between them as the years went by. William had come to Heber from Scotland four years before.

The following is William Lindsay's description of Mary when he first met her: "Mary was then fourteen years of age, and she attracted my attention more than any other girl I had seen, and I visited her quite often. She had been ill crossing the plains, but soon got well and strong and was a very fine looking girl. Her cheeks were red, her eyes blue gray, and her hair was a very light yellow. And above all, she had a smiling face and a kindly sociable disposition,

and a winning way that won my heart, and I seemed to win hers. There were two or three suitors who tried to win her affection, but they gave it up as they saw I was her choice. We were very happy in each other's company always, which in time, was very frequent; at meetings, Sunday School, dances, concerts and theaters. She had to work at different homes to earn her living and I used to visit her there at times. We never had any lover's quarrels as some do. Of course, I had to go off at times to work here and there, but I always got a welcome home from Mary."

William Lindsay, the man in Mary Mair's life, was born near Ardie, Lanarkshire, Scotland on February 11, 1847. He was the second son in a family of nine children, born to William and Christina Howie Lindsay. When he was about fifteen months old he lost the sight of his right eye by being struck with a sharp piece of a broken dish. His parents were members of the LDS Church at this time. He screamed and cried with the severe pain of his injured eye, so they had the elders lay their hands on his head and give him a blessing. He stopped crying and the pain left him. This special blessing strengthened the Lindsay's faith in the gospel they had recently embraced a month or so before.

His father was a coal miner, and wages were less than a dollar a day. For various reasons they had to move quite often, so William did not get much chance to go to school--one year was all, but he had a very good teacher and made rapid progress, being in fourth grade when he was nine years old. At that age he went into the coal mine with his brother, Robert, to work with their father. The boys pushed the little cars of coal from where their father mined it to the bottom of the shaft, where it was taken to the surface and most of it loaded onto ships and sent to other countries.

There was a law in Scotland that boys under ten years of age could not work in the mines unless they could read and write. One day the mine inspector was inspecting the mine in company with the mine owner. The inspector noticed William, who was only nine years old, and small for his age. The inspector asked his age and then said, "Read for me," and he drew a book from his pocket. William passed the test; then he was asked to spell "Carmelbank," which he did successfully. As a reward, the inspector gave him a shilling, the first shilling William had ever had. He felt very rich indeed, but went straight to his father and gave it to him.

Soon after his father was baptized, he was ordained an elder and presided over the Ayr Branch of the Church. Every Sunday they walked three miles to church and three miles back, and the mother often carried a little child fastened on her back with a shawl. William Lindsay, Sr., had a great desire to raise his family properly, and to bring them to Utah to help build Zion.

On October 17, 1861, William and his brother, James were working in the mine with their father. They were moving the coal that their father dug in little coal cars. When they returned with the cars, they found him dead under a large stone. It was indeed a sad day. Besides losing



their dear father, it seemed all their hopes of coming to Utah were blasted. The brave little mother called her children around her and said, "Never mind, we'll go to Zion on the first boat in the spring." And her words proved true. Their father was buried in Saint Andrew's Kirkyard in the town of Kilmarnock. The boys had to go back to the mine to support the family.

In April 1862, the Lindsay family received word from the Church office in Liverpool that arrangements had been made for Christina and all her family to cross the Atlantic with a company of 700 Saints. There was great rejoicing in their home. Christina sold everything she would not need for the journey, and on the morning of April 18 they left Bonnie Scotland. When they reached Liverpool they boarded the sailing ship John J. Boyd to go to America. They stood the voyage all right, and arrived in New York after two weeks on the ocean. They went by train to Saint Joseph on the Missouri and then went by steamboat to Florence. Here they were met by old Robert McKnight, with a basket full of scones and a bucket of milk, which were very much appreciated after their rations. He arranged for the Lindsay family to live in a small log cabin while waiting at Florence to cross the plains.

The ox teams arrived about the twentieth of July, and the Lindsay family was assigned to John Turner's wagon from Heber, Utah. They were in the Homer Duncan Company, and were the first Church train to leave Florence for Utah that year. About the third day out they reached the Platte River, and a dance was held on a sandy place in honor of the twenty-fourth of July, the day Brigham Young and his pioneer band reached Salt Lake City fifteen years before. This company had the same trials, hardships, and experiences as other similar groups, and many nights they gathered around the campfire and sang songs together. The Lindsay family traveled without sickness or serious trouble. At Silver Creek they were met by John and George Muir, who urged the Lindsays to come to Heber, which was just being settled and where land was cheap and water was plentiful. And being in a Heber wagon, they went straight to Heber.

Christina Lindsay and her children, Robert, William, James, Samuel, Andrew, Jean, Elizabeth, and Isabell were glad to settle down after five months of traveling.

William said, "I liked the looks of the little valley the first time I saw it, which was on the 21st of September 1862. I hoped to make my future home here, and help subdue the wilderness." William was then fifteen years old.

The family arrived in Heber on Friday and on Sunday it was arranged for William to go to work for George Carlile on Monday. His wages were to be \$100.00 for a year's work to be paid in wheat at \$2.00 a bushel. The grain was just being harvested, and his job was raking the bundles of wheat. As George Carlile cut the wheat with a cradle, his poor old mother bound it in bundles as William raked them into shape. He soon got so he could rake the bundles and help to bind them too. His brother Robert also hired out, and this way their mother could get wheat for herself and her children.

William attended Sunday School in the log meeting-house, and he was made a deacon and helped to chop the wood and carry it into the meetinghouse to keep the two fireplaces going in the winter.

Later William was able to buy a cow, so his mother and brothers and sisters could have milk and butter on their bread. He began working as a farmhand; he fed stock, hauled poles for fences, and hauled sand rock to build houses. He was finally able to get a yoke of steers, and he and his brother invested in a wagon. He then hauled wood and coal to Salt Lake to sell. He took one load of wood to President Brigham Young's woolen factory at the mouth of Parley's Canyon to trade for some certain kinds of cloth his mother needed. The man in charge there needed the wood and had the kinds of cloth William wanted, but he said he could not dispense any cloth without an order signed by President Young. So William, in his dirty, rough clothes, went into Salt Lake to Brigham Young's, and President Young signed the order.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1866, William enrolled in the territorial militia and joined John M. Murdoch's Company of Infantry. This was because of the Indians under Black Hawk causing trouble.

In the fall of 1867, William was called to haul rock from the Little Cottonwood Quarry to the Salt Lake Temple which was then under construction. When spring came in 1868, he was to bring emigrants back to Utah. But before he left he got a promise from his dear girl, Mary Mair, that she would marry him when he returned.

The trip east was not an easy one. They had high rivers to cross and sometimes had to build bridges and had trouble getting across some rivers where they had to swim. They traveled through Indian country and had to be on the lookout all of the time. They waited on the North Platte for the emigrants to arrive by train. His emigrants were Scandinavians and of course they had a little trouble communicating. But they soon learned to understand each other. They returned to Salt Lake the last of September.

As soon as William reached Heber, he found that many of the local men were up at Echo Canyon working on the grade of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was anxious to earn some money before winter set in as he and Mary were planning to get married before the year was out, so he set out for Echo Canyon. There he found about twenty-two men from Heber working, but they were badly in need of cooks and dishes. The men were living in dugouts on the side of the hill. They agreed to build an extra dugout for William and the cooks if William would get someone. Immediately William returned to Heber and got his mother to say she would go with him and bring her stove and dishes. Then he saw his best girl, Mary, and got her consent to come along, so she got her mother's permission. So early the next morning, the three of them started on the two-day journey to Echo. Everything was ready for the women when they arrived, so they went right to work preparing and serving the food. They got along fine and gave excellent satisfaction. They stayed there for two months, each woman receiving \$45.00 per month for her services. The



men with teams got \$10.00 a day.

As soon as they arrived home on December 3, they began making wedding preparations for the middle of December.

#### William and Mary

The story of William and Mary from here on is one story, and here it is in William's own words:

"We were planning to go to the Endowment House to be married so my brother, Robert, and his girl, Sarah Murdock, decided to go with us. Sarah was 15 years old and Robert was 23. Mary was 16 and I was 21 years of age. On the 12th of December 1868, we started out with two yoke of oxen and a wagon. Mother went with us and also Ann Richardson and her two children. The first night we camped in the camphouse at Kimball's in Parley's Park. It was a very cold night. The next morning we started out very early, but the roads were frozen and very slippery, so we traveled very slowly as the oxen kept falling down. It got dark while we were still up in Parley's Canyon. Some men with a horse team tried to pass us and their horses fell down and one was floundering under the wagon tongue. It was very dark and Robert and I went to help. One of the men said: 'You boys stand back, you might get hurt.' Mother quickly spoke up in her Scottish brogue and said, 'They are nae boys, they are on their way to get married!'

"We finally reached N.C. Murdoch's house in Salt Lake, where we all stayed. The next day was Sunday and we attended church. On Monday we went to the Endowment House, but there were so many ahead of us, we had to wait until the next day. So we went and had our pictures taken and bought wedding rings for our bonnie brides. In the evening we attended the Salt Lake Theater and saw some very good actors present 'Romeo and Juliet.' (Mary had a sage green dress with white dots for this special occasion. She had an engagement ring with a green stone, and the wedding rings that were purchased were made of black gutterperchie buttons. Aunt Sarah says the girls felt like queens at the theater and they were very proud of their grooms in their homemade clothes.)

"On December 15, 1868, we were united in marriage in the Endowment House, by Daniel H. Wells, for time and all eternity. Of course, we had our endowments and sealings. I received one of the greatest blessings any man can receive in this life, a good, true, faithful, loving wife.

"The next day we bought a hundred pounds of flour at \$10.00, two common chairs and a rocking chair, a gallon of molasses, and a brass kettle. I had bought some plates and other articles while I was back after emigrants. We stayed that night at the home of John Muir. Robert and Sarah stayed in Salt Lake a week more. The next day we started our journey home, Mother, Mary and me. One ox was lame, so I chained him and his mate behind the wagon, and I gave Mary a long stick to switch the oxen to make them walk up and not hold back.

I drove the other yoke of oxen that were hitched to the wagon. Mary walked most of the way. I guess we presented a rather strange picture of a bridal tour. But I can say that there was no complaining and we all were quite happy. This was the start of our honeymoon, and I am sure with it all we enjoyed ourselves as well or better than some do in their fine cars. From this day on Mary Mair was Mary Lindsay.

"My brother, Robert, had a large log house in Heber, and we had made arrangements to live with him and Sarah that winter, so when we arrived in Heber, we moved our few articles in and started housekeeping. We lived with Robert and Sarah that first winter. Some long winter evenings were spent re-enacting 'Romeo and Juliet.'

"I owned a lot on 3rd East and 1st North and before our marriage I had dug a cellar 12 feet square, and walled it up. I also had logs on the ground all ready to build a house over the cellar in the spring. As soon as it was possible, I built my log cabin and we moved into it and felt quite proud of our own little home. I had a chimney and a fireplace in one end and a nice stone flag for a hearthstone. A trap door and a stairway went down into our fine cellar. I walled up a well. Later I built a lean-to for a summer kitchen and put shingles on the roof of our little log cabin. I farmed on shares and quarried rock to sell, and also hauled wood to sell.

"In our little log cabin, our first child was born, October 20, 1869. We named her Mary Murdoch, after Grandma, and called her Mamie. My Mary got along very nicely. She proved to be a thrifty, tidy housekeeper, and a cheerful, loving companion throughout her whole life of service to others. Not only in her own home and to her own family, but wherever anybody needed help, she would find some way to help them, and make them happy if possible. On the 24th of October, 1871, our son, William Howie, was born, and again all went well. We had to depend on midwives as there were no doctors.

"In 1871 I helped John Galligher teach school and was able to buy myself a yoke of steers and a wagon. I felt almost like I was rich. I made a claim on land up on Lake Creek with my brothers, Robert and James.

"I went to Evanston the winter of 1872 and worked in the coal mine and got our first stove--a charter oak--and Mary was very proud of it. As soon as I could, I got her a sewing machine as she did all the sewing for the family and made her own clothes, and she often helped others with their sewing too. Although she worked hard and for long hours, she was always good natured and happy.

"In 1876 I walked to Salt Lake City and got my citizenship papers and entered a quarter section of land on Lake Creek. In 1878 we left our little home in Heber. By this time we had two more children, James L. and John Allan. The year before that, I had built a log cabin up Lake Creek and we were increasing in property, and had three cows and some young cattle.



"We all worked very hard on our homestead; the sagebrush was tall and thick and hard to clear off the land. We had to build stables and sheds for the cows and oxen, we made ditches and canals and put up fences. The boys were still too small to help much. They had to herd cows on the hills when they were not in school. We called this place Lindsay's Dell. (It is now called Lindsay's Hill.)

"We had three more boys; Daniel McMillan, Andrew Alexander, and Samuel. Then there came a time when Mary's health failed, and for about five years she was barely able to move about. At times it looked like she could not live long. That was from 1881 to 1886. Crissie was born on July 15, 1886, and Mary had suffered severe pain with sciatic rheumatism all that summer and was very weak. I took care of the baby and fed her with a bottle for two weeks. Mary gradually got stronger and finally was well again. She had several severe illnesses, but had a great deal of faith and was healed a number of times by the power of God and the administration of the Elders.

"Our little boy, Samuel, died of whooping cough when ten months old in 1882; and our fine boy, Daniel, died when nearly 10 years of age in 1887. The doctor said he had ulceration of the stomach, but he was kicked in the stomach by a boy.

"We were regular in attending our meetings and Sunday School even though we had three miles to go. We would hitch the oxen on the wagon and all of us got in and off we would go. It took an hour to get there, so we had to start early and we were seldom late.

"We built a very nice house of hewn logs and covered it with rustic lumber outside, and plastered the inside. We had four good sized rooms and a pantry downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. It was finished about 1885. The dining room was large and in it we had many dinners and dances for our friends who came often with surprise parties. They were always made so happy and so welcome that they wanted to come again. No one ever went away from Mary's home hungry. The first question she asked her visitors was, "Are you hungry?"

"In 1872 she received a patriarchal blessing from John Smith and among other things he said to her, 'Your table shall be spread with the bounties of the earth and you shall impart to many.' She was a splendid cook and served much delicious food. She always served her food in the best way possible and with cheerfulness. Mary prepared many banquets and wedding dinners, and topped them off with a beautifully decorated cake.

"We had visits occasionally from the Indians, but we treated them kindly and got along very well. However, Mary got frightened one day when we were all away from the house excepting herself. She saw a strange man coming toward the house and as he came nearer she could see he was Negro. She asked him what he wanted and he said he was hungry and wanted food. Mary said, 'All right, I will get food for you, but you must stay outside.' She gave him a liberal supply and he went

away. We found out that he was a soldier and had deserted from Fort Duchesne.

"In December of 1893, I was called to take a Sunday School course at Provo, and I had to walk part of the way down. I attended classes at the Academy and boarded at Hannah Gallagher's. In March, I came home and walked most of the way again, the snow was still very deep. In 1895, I was set apart as the Superintendent of the Heber Sunday School. We then met in the Stake House and there were 400 or more attended. I was a Sunday School teacher for many years before. I was a ward teacher from the time I was 17 years old. I was set apart to the High Council of the stake on February 4, 1890.

"Mary was a counselor to Alice Lambert in the Heber First Ward Relief Society for several years. The poor and the sick were made happy from her visits as she had a great sympathy for the ill and unfortunate. She was also an officer in the Sunday School. Her office was that of 'Welcomer'. That was a very fitting position for her as she gave all a very cheerful smile and a hearty handshake as they entered the church on the Sabbath day.

"Mary was 40 years of age and one day over when our youngest was born. The birth dates of our eleven children are as follows: Mary Murdoch (Mamie), Oct. 20, 1869; William Howie, Oct. 24, 1871; James Lyon, Sept. 21, 1873; John Allan (Jack), Sept. 15, 1875; Daniel McMillan, Aug. 15, 1877; Andrew Alexander, Oct. 23, 1879; Samuel, Dec. 3, 1881; Christina Veronica (Crissie), July 15, 1886; David Pryde, Aug. 16, 1888; stillborn female baby, Jan. 20, 1891; Annie Murdoch, Aug. 1, 1892. Quite a family (parish records show Mary's birth Aug. 1, 1852).

"After we got into our new house, about 1885, there was a raid made on the polygamists and we kept Joseph Moulton's two wives and their children some six weeks. Later we kept Nephi Thayne's plural wife about six weeks, so that the Mormon haters did not get them.

"For years Mary baked bread nearly every day, and used 50 pounds of flour every week. We were nearly always well supplied with plenty of vegetables. Then there was the sewing, the washing and ironing, churning the butter, sweeping, making the beds and supplying all of our wants. These were busy days for her, but she was happy and cheerful all the day long.

"In 1905 I was called on a mission to Great Britain. This I am sure was a greater trial to Mary than to me. I made some trades and sold some animals to raise money and got my son Andrew to look after the farm for a year. I had bought a lot in Heber some two years before and there was a three room log house on it. Mary, Crissie, Dave and Annie moved down into the little house. I was 58 years old when I left.

"Mary never said a word to discourage me from going. We had a little meeting at my son Will's home the day I was to leave, about the 20th of March. Every member of my family was there, and of course all were feeling rather downcast and each one was shedding tears. After I had spoken a short time advising them to be kind to each other and especially to their



dear Mother, Mary stood up and spoke and said she knew the mission call was from the Lord. She asked the children to take my advice and help her all they could, and the Lord would bless us and all would be well.

"We went to the train depot and all tried to make the parting as easy as possible. Just as I got on the cars, my youngest son David got hold of me and would not let go. I had all I could do to get him off the train without him getting hurt.

"Mary had gone out different times to help women who had given birth to children, and while I was gone she did this a great deal and earned all she could to help support the family. Whenever she waited on anyone they always wanted her again, so she became very popular in this kind of work. She was a kind, efficient nurse, and prepared good food for the family and cleaned the house.

"After arriving in England I was assigned to the Birmingham Conference and I enjoyed my missionary labors. I got the credit of distributing more tracts and having more conversations than any Elder in the conference, but I did not hold as many street meetings as some. During the Bank Holidays in 1905, I visited my wife's brother, Foulds Mair, and his family in Scotland. I found them well except Foulds who had not been able to work for three years because of his asthma. They were glad to see me and treated me very well and did all they could to entertain me. They were not interested in the gospel, but had no fault to find with the doctrines I explained to them. They had a fine stalwart family of grown sons and daughters.

"I visited the house where my dear Mary lived until she came to Utah, and plucked branches of the bonnie bloomin' heather from the bushes she had plucked it from when she was a bonnie wee lassie, runnin' bare footed at the house called The Stables, near the burn that is called Gaswater. Of course, in a couple of days I returned to my missionary work, but had a warm invitation to visit the Mairs again.

"I want to say that I was greatly blessed all the time I was gone and was able to keep my mind on my missionary work and enjoyed it very much. I had the spirit of my mission for one thing. My family at home wrote regularly once each week and the letters were always cheerful and encouraging and never complaining or wishing I would come home until I was honorably released. All these things helped me to be contented and happy with my lot.

"In March 1907 I was given an honorable release so I could visit for three weeks in Scotland before my ship would sail to America.

"In Scotland I visited Foulds Mair, my wife's brother, and his family again. They treated me royally. I spent five days in Edinburgh and spent most of the time in the Registrar's office looking for names and dates. I spent a few days in Glasgow with D.L. Murdoch and other elders. I went to Kilmarnock and spoke at a street meeting at Kilmarnock Cross where I had stood as a boy and heard my father preach the same Gospel nearly 50 years earlier. I went to Ayr and from there

went on foot to Craighall, Burnbrae, St. Quivax. I went back to see Foulds before I left Scotland and got my clothes that they had washed and ironed. They gave me a little broom and some playthings that were Mary's when she was a child. I went back to England and was soon on my way to my dear home. Before I left I bought some white silk for Crissie's wedding dress.

"Mary and the family were blessed with good health while I was gone. With the help of the children I was supplied with all the money I required while on my mission. I was blessed with good health and had fair success in my missionary labors.

"I arrived home on April 30, 1907. As I came up Provo Canyon on the trail I said like William Tell: 'Ye crags and peaks, I am with you once again!' I was met at the Heber Depot by my dearest family, friends and neighbors. Mary had invited my brothers and their wives to eat dinner with us, and she had set tables out on the lawn in front of our little log house. We ate and talked and enjoyed each other's company for hours. It seemed like a real taste of heaven on earth. The only drawback to our complete happiness was that my dear old faithful mother had died while I was gone. During her illness Mary had nursed her and done all in her power to ease the pain and to make her comfortable. Mary had gone out nursing and Crissie taught school to earn means to support themselves and me.

"I took my place on the High Council when I returned and visited the wards reporting my labors in the mission field and bearing my testimony. I soon found work for the city fixing roads and bridges and laying stone walks at street crossings.

"Mary and I decided to make a visit to Maryland to see her brother, James Mair. He had visited her twice at our farm home. We left Sept. 1907 on the D.&R.G. Railroad. We went to Washington, D.C. and stayed one night. The next morning we went down the Potomac River and passed Mount Vernon on a steamboat. We passed the Chesapeake Bay and arrived at Norfolk, Virginia after dark. While there, we visited the Jamestown Exposition and saw many wonderful things. We saw a picture show for the first time and saw many things of interest. We spent the night in Norfolk and the next morning we took a steamboat back to Washington, D.C. We got there after dark as it is 196 miles. Mary stood the boat ride very well. We found a lodging house for the night. We spent the next day visiting the White House, the Halls of Congress, the Library, the Smithsonian Institute, the Treasury Building, and finally went up the Washington Monument some 500 feet on an elevator. Washington is a fine looking city with wide, straight streets. We took the train for Cumberland and then went on the electric car to Eckhart, Maryland, where our brother, James, and his wife, Mary Ann, were waiting for us. They had made every preparation to entertain us and make us comfortable and happy while we stayed for two weeks. They took us to other towns and arranged visits with their friends and relatives. We visited their churches and public entertainments. They invited their minister, school teacher, and other prominent



citizens to a party at their home and we were the guests of honor. We had a jolly time. We had some talks on religious topics and although we didn't see eye to eye, at least they were kindly and friendly discussions. Jammie had sent me \$20.00 while I was in England and had thus far helped to preach Mormonism. They are both kind-hearted, honest people, but he, like many more could not see the truth and beauty of the Gospel. After a pleasant fortnight with them and their friends, we left for our mountain home. We went by way of Pittsburg, Chicago and Kansas City where we stopped to visit with John Mair's widow and two children. They also received us kindly. We went to Independence to see the site of the great temple that is to be built there, according to Joseph Smith's words. The gate was locked so we could not get inside the lot. Mary, however, pushed her feet as far as possible under the gate so she could say her feet had stood on the sacred spot. When our train reached Heber, we found our children at the depot to welcome us home.

"Mary got somewhat dizzy on the train and got tired trying to take in all the sights. She did enjoy her trip very much, but was glad to get home. This was the only pleasure trip that either of us had ever taken and it gave us something to tell about for a long time.

"In 1908 I sold our farm to my son, Will, for \$3500.00 and built a nice brick home on our lot in Heber at 1st N. and 4th E. It was built as nearly as possible to suit Mary's plan to be convenient for her. She did not want an upstairs in it. She was proud of her new home and fully appreciated it after living three years in the small log house. We moved into our new home Dec. 15, 1908, just forty years from our wedding day. We had a grand dinner and had all of our living children in the new home to celebrate the 40th anniversary of our marriage. We felt quite proud of our nice new home with all the modern conveniences: running hot and cold water, electricity, and a bathroom. The children bought us a fine new heating stove and put it in the dining room, and Mary looked as happy and as cheerful as she did forty years before. Then there were two of us, and now there were ten and all the grandchildren.

"We began having prayers night and morning in our home when we got married and we very seldom missed a day in all the years after.

"In July 1912, Mary's brother, James Mair, and his wife came from Maryland and spent three happy weeks with us. Mary had a way of making visitors feel very welcome at our home.

"In October our dear little Annie had to have a goiter operation which was a great worry for Mary and all of us.

"Early in 1914 Mary had a stroke of paralysis. She had been to a funeral and being sympathetic and feeling very bad she started home, but fell by the way and had to be carried home. Her whole right side was affected and she could not talk to be understood. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw my dear Mary lying there helpless and speechless. She who had been so kind, so faithful, so true to me and the

children. She who had worked for and waited on us so willingly all these many years. The elders administered to her several times. And in a week she showed improvement, but she was never able to dress herself without help for over two years. When she felt better, she asked me to go to town and get some extra wide silk ribbon and with her left hand she crocheted and was able to make nice little bags for her daughters and daughters-in-law, nieces, and friends. She still had the desire to serve others. Even in this condition, Mary was cheerful and tried to be happy in her home, but she could not stand to go out in a crowd where they were enjoying themselves. I took her out a few times in a wheel chair but I had to bring her home.

"On the 9th of June, 1915, Annie was married. Poor Mary had a good cry to think her youngest child had left our happy home and gone to make a nest of her own. When her body was strong, she rejoiced to see her children get married, knowing that was the proper thing for them to do. Her two eldest sons were married on the same day, and she worked hard for days to give them a grand reception. Mamie had been living with us for some time and she helped to see that Annie had a grand reception in Amusement Hall. Mary was taken in an automobile and held up quite well. However, it was a sad change for her, at all her other children's weddings she had been the chief actor, but now she was almost helpless. But she never murmured or complained. She did her very best to keep up that cheerful smile that was so natural to her.

"Mary was not only kind and loving to her children and her husband, but her sympathy went out to every person that stood in need of assistance. Many a person outside of her own family had cause to remember her for her deeds of kindness in times of sickness or trouble, and she was never known to boast of the good she did.

"On the 3rd of June, 1916, I was working on the street north of my home, and Mary asked me to help her to the corner of the boardwalk and to place a chair for her to sit underneath the little box elder tree. It was warm and she sat and watched me work until noon. I helped her in the house and she ate dinner all right, but as she finished she was stricken and passed away without uttering a word. My dear Mary, who was so full of faith, so loving and kind and true, was dead. It was a dreadful shock to all of us, even though we knew that in her condition she could not live very long. She was 63 years old.

"The funeral was in the Stake House with Bishop Robert Duke in charge. The house was filled with mourners. Speakers were J.C. Jensen, Joseph Moulton, G. Frank Ryan, and Bishop Duke. A quartette consisting of Frank Epperson, Alva Coleman, Alice Wood, and Marilla Murdock sang 'Come, Come Ye Saints', 'Sister Thou wast Mild and Lovely', and 'Who Are These Arrayed in White.' George Smith and William H. Harvey offered the prayers. Many carriages filled with her friends and admirers went to the cemetery.

"May we all fill our earthly mission as well and



faithfully as she did here, and be worthy to enjoy her society in that place where sorrow and parting are unknown, is my humble prayer."

--William Lindsay

His daughter, Mamie Fisher, lived with William for a while. He served as tithing clerk for the three wards of Heber from 1917 to 1925. In 1918 he married a widow, Sarah Murdoch Rasband. They got along well and were happy to be independent and not have to live with their children. William enjoyed good health which he attributed to his strict observance of the Word of Wisdom and engaging in hard work. He never went in debt for anything. He was a ward teacher for over sixty years and answered every call made to him by the leaders of the Church. He was proud of his children and especially rejoiced when they were good Latter-day Saints and active in the Church. His two sons James L. and David filled missions.

William was interested in research and temple work, and spent time and money in searching out his ancestors. He wrote many histories of his own family and also of friends. The records that he kept have proved very valuable to many of us. He loved poetry and anything in rhyme, and he composed many poems during his lifetime. He watched Heber Valley grow from a sagebrush-covered land to a modern settlement, and he did his share to make it a lovely, liveable place.

He was never afraid of work, and up to the end of his days he kept a cow and had a lovely, productive garden. In his latter years he was bailiff of the court and fireman for the Bank of Heber City and Heber Merc. He served as time-keeper on several building projects.

William Lindsay held many positions in the Church and filled them all faithfully. More than once he walked to Wallburg and other wards of the valley, in very deep snow, to fill high council assignments. He was a man of humility and faith, and many, many people requested him to administer to them or perform ordinances for them. Their faith and trust in "Uncle William," as he was affectionately called, was great. He was loved sincerely by his children and grandchildren, and they all felt him near to perfection.

He always had a pocket full of peppermints and all the children on his street had their hands ready for a treat when they saw him coming. He was truly a sweet and gentle man and a good example for us all to follow.

He said of himself: "Now after all is said and done I feel that I have been a very ordinary individual and have had many faults and failings to contend with. But I feel that I have been very much blessed of the Lord and he has been merciful to me all through my life."

The winter of 1932 he had a stroke. His daughter, Mamie Fisher, took him to her home and cared for him until he passed away on May 14, 1932, at the age of 85. A wonderful man gone.

Mary Mair and William Lindsay were progenitors of whom

we are very proud, and whose lives we should emulate. They loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ and truly lived it to the end of their lives. They truly endured to the end.

--Compiled by Virginia D. Christensen  
Taken from the writings of  
William Lindsay



Mary Mair and William Lindsay  
Marriage Picture Dec. 15, 1868



Mary Mair and William Lindsay  
1913



Mary Mair and William Lindsay  
At the farm house.

#### THE FARM HOUSE



This home was located at Lindsay's Dell  
near Heber City, Wasatch, Utah